1.1.100
a Lesson in the University of The New Covenant
Theodore Cottingham, September 16, 2003
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1. You'll never be the same again, you'll never be the same again after this trip I'm taking you on. The eliteness of suffering knows no boundaries. I am, they are. The number of hurt are innumerable and emasculated in their hurt. They operate desperately day after day, month after month, year after year, decade after decade, life after life.

I have so much for those who will help the hurts of My people, My people that cross all boundaries, all labels, all suspected personages.

For those who surrender to Me I have beauty for ashes—for those who river Me to others, I have palaces of elegant grandeur that is found only in relationship of trust and intimacy of emotion, of spirit, of truth.

2. So many only know Me as the god of Sunday, Saturday or Sabbath-appointed. So many relegate Me to impotence, if existence at all. So many yearn for something deeper that they know and grasp at straw after straw, be it church or addiction.

I am not church, I am emotion and all emotions are in Me, the spectrum of emotions I created to experience and be expressed. I created man. I created emotion. I love man and I love emotion. But My people are emotionless—pensive, somber, dominated by world events, news and voices non-stop which know Me not.

3. Where is My voice Ted, where is My voice heard? Do I not prophesy in the marketplace? Do I not partake in commerce? Do I not share in the sufferings of My children?

Where is My voice heard today? Where is it heard, today—My voice, clearly—where Ted? In the obscure, mostly obscure—those not in limelight and on stages—mostly obscure, under leaders often who are clueless, but in community and in communication with Me.

4. So many leaders are in the followers. Oh Ted, refresh My leaders and empower them to see and free their followers to lead, in maturity, in values of Me, discernment of Me, prophetically hearing and discerning My voice, and walking in obedience even when obedience crosses all realms of thought-logic.

5. To Norfolk you go—to leaderize, to lead, to learn, to listen, to heal by your very presence—love, love, My love—in and through you, connecting Me to Mine more so and deeply, deeper still, in communities.

6. I lift you off runways where you have run many times—elevating and escalating you for one reason only—to heal My people, to free them, to elevate them and propel them each one into My design—setting the followers free to lead, to serve, to lead, to empower, to lead, to design new paradigms through My hand.

7. I am not stodgy and old and boring. I am ever new and exciting and blasting out in freedom I am those who will but look to Me, look to Me, look to Me and receive from My hand, My hand, My hand, and your hand, and the hands that serve to bring freedom and intimacy with Me, in designs of power and prowess and particular specific anointings of Me—

Networks that will not die in one generation but span multiple generations, intersecting multiple intersections in dimensions of power and love and power and love and power, meekness and love.

8. The jet age hasn't begun.
The age of dominion has begun, and Ted, you're leading it. Imagine the possibilities limitless of direction, connection and provision of Me.

The poverty mentality that has existed in My people for centuries—you will break, through meekness and doing what I say do, saying what I say, and being simply the servant of servitude who operates in My house, My chambers, as My friend and elevated one, seeking only pleasure from Me.

9. Eat My meat, drink My food. My meat, My food, My fasts, My cup— At My table, with Me.

10. No poverty—nations.
Principles—personhood—Me.

11. Enter the elegance I have for you—in My chambers— Revealing laws hidden from legions—seekers sincere—but not time. Heads of state, heads of nations— What is that to Me? But trusted one be.

12. All manner of temptation.
All spectrum of trials.
But Me—Me—in elegance—through you.

13. Seek not the fulfillment of My words, but Me only. My words—My responsibility. Your words—your responsibility.

14. Ted, My time is now—now, now—ripping the masks off the faces of those who disguise themselves as Mine—ripping apart the bars of iron and gates of brass that have held My people, My people, My people from prospering in the simplicity of My truth and the splendor of My presence.

15. Oh Ted, listen, listen, listen and heal. My words, My touch, your love—empowered by My love. Slow to speak, quick to listen, asking Me often what I want to do and say—here—there—that moment, that life.

16. Let Me flow to Jenna.
Let Me flow to My lambs.
Let Me flow, and Ted, never the same again.

17. Connections, connections, connections. Networks, relationships permanent. Rest.